THE
NATION

MARCH 17, 1962 . . 25c

THE FORCE OF NONVIOLENCE

Howard Zinn

Committee of One Million

BEHIND the HANDOUT CURTAIN

Harry W. Ernst

South Vietnam

FREEDOM IS THE ISSUE

Luther A. Allen

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LETTERS

Financing Peace

Dear Sirs: Your editorial, "Odyssey of an Idea," reviewing various proposals for a world tax to finance global development programs [*The Nation,* Feb. 17], was both timely and important. However, my proposal was not described altogether accurately in the course of your comments. My plan recommends a 1 per cent tax on armaments, with the percentage to be increased as time goes on. Such a tax would bring in far less money than a 1 per cent tax on income, but might be more acceptable. . . . But even a 1 per cent arms tax would increase the U.N. income by more than twentyfold, and there appears to be some justice in punishing the nations producing for war and using some of their funds for positive acts for peace. A complete version of my plan appears in the March issue of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists.*

LESLIE FISHMAN
Department of Economics
Boulder, Colo. University of Colorado

Our Peace Coverage

Dear Sirs: I would like to express my congratulations and appreciation for the extraordinarily fine coverage of disarmament and the peace movement which *The Nation* has offered over the past year. I get SANE's publications, all the liberal magazines, most of the peace-group materials, the books and governmental policy statements, as well as having access to a few privately circulated policy and background papers. Only a small amount of all this stuff achieves the combination of precision about current developments and clarity about the larger problems which *The Nation* has almost consistently maintained.

New York City RONALD GROSS

Needed: a Program

Dear Sirs: As one of the 5,000 students who converged on Washington for the Students Turn Toward Peace, I would like to take exception to the overly sanguine tone of Steven Roberts' article in your March 3 issue. The apparent success of the Washington Project should not blind us to the fact that political action based on a "widespread, desperate feeling" that "something had to be done" cannot provide an effective alternative to the nuclear-arms race.

The tendency apparent in the student peace movement is to respond to one crisis after another without a long-range program. . . . What the Washington Project has demonstrated is the need for students and others to work for the election of representatives who support peace policies, rather than attempting to apply inadequate pressure on more or less politely interested incumbents. If the "realistic liberals" of the student peace movement will now examine the political process in America, and discuss their ideas in a democratic fashion, then the Project can be said to have succeeded in an important way.

STEVEN LEVINE
Waltham, Mass. Brandeis University

Wrong Countries

Dear Sirs: Where does Sylvan Shane ("Window on a Gas Chamber," Feb. 24 issue) get the information that Israel and the Soviet Union have abolished capital punishment? . . . As we know, Israel has plans concerning Adolf Eichmann, and recently I read that the USSR had *extended* capital punishment to include a broader range of crimes. . . .

CHARLES ROBINS ARNOLD
San Francisco, Calif.

The Soviet Union abolished capital punishment in 1947 but restored it in 1950. Israel limits capital punishment to a single category: major Nazi criminals. Mr. Shane's statement was thus in error, and he and we apologize.—EDITORS

Double Trouble

Dear Sirs: In reference to your editorial, "The Great God GNP" (Feb. 24), I want to assure you that I am doing my patriotic bit. I carefully place each piece of direct-mail advertising in the accompanying self-addressed envelope and mail it back to the sender. Since the senders are good about paying the return postage themselves, this nearly doubles the unit cost of their advertising, and thereby increases the Gross National Product. Just think how we could increase the GNP if *everyone* was patriotic and thoughtfully returned their junk mail!

Sausalito, Calif. ALE EKSTROM

Message of Hope

Dear Sirs: What a hopeful article that was on "Eugene, Oregon: A City Chooses Peace" by Robert Martinson! That certainly was a candle burning in the night. I do not know when anything has encouraged me so much. This is just the *positive* kind of news we need to hear — something constructive that is happening on the local level.

Also I read with appreciation your editorial, "The Rewards of Restraint." That was a little masterpiece. There is so much need these days to praise President Kennedy for the good things he has done. He is in a very difficult position. I hope he sees your editorial and is challenged by it.

It was reassuring to read the letter under the caption, "Nowhere to Hide," in these days when they are selling us a bill of goods on fallout shelters. It bolsters one's lonely spirits to find someone else who thinks along the same line. And it is so refreshing to see someone not afraid to express an unpopular point of view. Cheers to you for printing such views!

All in all, reading your Feb. 10 issue was a wonderful experience. Long may you carry on!

Goshen, Conn. EBEN T. CHAPMAN

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The Nation, Mar. 17, 1962. Vol. 194, No. 11

The Nation, published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1962 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1962
VOLUME 194, No. 11

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The President's Dilemma

When President Kennedy addressed the American people on the resumption of nuclear testing, he made out a good case for a bad decision. He could not tell all, but he told as much as he could (obviously he could not disclose, for instance, to what extent his announced decision was intended for tactical or bargaining purposes). Before condemning him, one must try to put oneself in his place. It may be that the United States would have resumed testing in any case, but the fact remains that the Russians broke the gentleman's agreement which had lasted for three years, and broke it in a particularly unconscionable way. No President can afford to be, or even to appear, gullible; no President can afford to make the same mistake twice. The Soviets stalled and stalled until they had completed their preparations, then they launched their test series without the slightest regard for neutral opinion, much less for those Americans who had carried the brunt of the opposition to testing in their own country, and least of all for the President. It was the Soviets, and no one else, who really put the President on the spot.

The President did not go off half-cocked. The underground tests he authorized certainly could not qualify as retaliation, either in number or in power. If the delay in resuming tests in the atmosphere was partly motivated by propaganda considerations, the deliberation was still judicious. The President must have hoped for some intervention, divine or otherwise: there is every reason to believe in his sincerity when he says that the failure to achieve a durable test ban was the greatest disappointment of his first year in office. But he received no help from any quarter that could exert influence in a situation so difficult. On the part of the Soviets, there was not the slightest sign of a willingness to come to terms, once they had the nuclear information they wanted. If anything, their position hardened: it almost seemed as if they wanted to drive Mr. Kennedy to follow suit. They even boasted that they had solved the problem of the AICBM (the anti-intercontinental ballistic missile)—the last straw for the military-nuclear specialists.

From within, the pressures on the President would soon have reached an intolerable level, if he had not made up his own mind on the basis of his conscience and his oath of office. The pressure did not come from the people: popular sentiment—or, at least, the White House mail—seems to be more or less evenly divided. But the Department of Defense, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy and a multitude of unofficial but powerful advisers like Edward Teller were making it hot for the President, and everything was on their side. The Republicans were rapidly preparing the failure to act as a major campaign issue. The ineffable team of Ev and Charley demanded an immediate resumption of atmospheric testing at their last appearance, and the antics of these Congressional clowns forecast more serious developments on the political horizon.

All this can be said by way of explanation. It is surely not trivial. Yet it is not enough.

The Pursuit of Invulnerability

What makes the President's decision wrong is that in the name of "security," it chooses not the lesser evil, but the greater. It is wrong because neither world security nor American security is enhanced, but alike diminished. It is wrong also because it continues and exacerbates the arms race. Above all, it is wrong because the President, who has youth on his side and men of intellectual stature as his advisers, shows himself deficient in imagination. All he seems capable of doing is to follow the traditional path of reciprocal escalation which has always ended in catastrophe. The new factor of mutual suicide he seemingly does not know how to deal with. Nor must it be forgotten that before the Russians broke the test ban, and as soon as Mr. Kennedy took office, he initiated a formidable increase in arms spending, which now amounts to 25 per cent above the Eisenhower level and, by all indications, will continue to rise. That may account in part for Soviet intransigence.

In these matters everyone in power takes the short-term view, clinging desperately to short-term advantage

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or trying to increase it, while no one who thinks a few years ahead has any power to act. This is the less excusable in the present instance because there has been no radical change in the balance of deterrent-power. The President himself assures us that we remain ahead. His most level-headed and experienced adviser, Hans Bethe, assures him that the ratio has not changed substantially. But Mr. Kennedy will not brook any change at all. In effect, he argues that the relative lead we held before the Soviet test series must be maintained down to the last megaton. The Soviets must accept a permanent inferiority or we will race them to the finish, whatever that may be. This is a position we would not accept if the tables were turned. Nor does it matter, in any realistic sense, if the balance tips one way or the other. Both sides are saturated with overkill. The feedback which boosts the nuclear arsenals to ever greater megatonage is the peril—not some minor gain one side or the other may achieve.

The bogey of an anti-missile missile is believed in only by those who have a compulsive emotional stake in the arms race or by those who have a financial stake: usually the two go together. Bethe's argument that it will not be achieved in a form which can upset the balance of terror is completely convincing. When thousands of nuclear-tipped rockets are emplaced, or roving, on both sides, the offense will be able to saturate even an AICBM defense, if such a defense can be achieved at all.

Toward the end of his talk, the President seemed to sense that his arguments were invalid (as well as one-sided), and he sent up a series of transparent rationalizations. One was that we cannot keep our nuclear scientists unless we allow them to test. A nuclear scientist, so prominent that he cannot be dismissed as a mere cynic, says the nuclear scientists could be paid more, or given something else to research, and they would be quite faithful. Then the President talked about low-fallout tests. The Russian tests excelled in this respect, but that is small comfort as the holocaust comes nearer and nearer.

What is now in prospect may well daunt the bravest hearts and coolest heads. The President has parroted the comforting assurance that a 100-megaton weapon is no more formidable than a 10, while the government's civil-defense pamphlet is posited on 5-megaton warheads. These assumptions are as misleading as they are optimistic. A 100-megaton weapon exploded above the center of Ohio at an altitude of a hundred miles, without re-entry, would incinerate the whole state on a clear day. If both sides keep on testing, they will escalate to 1,000-megaton weapons, hydra-headed missiles, and God knows what atrocities the R & D zealots may be gestating.

It is possible that the President was venturing on a strategic gamble, in the hope of forcing the Soviets to agree on a test ban. If he wins, it will be the diplomatic coup of the century. But would not a victory be contrary to the compulsive psychology and etiology of the nuclear-arms race? The President remains a captive of the invulnerability fallacy, when nothing but new thinking and new remedies can save us. This may not be the last, fatal step, but surely it brings the brink closer.

The Uses of a Spy

The movies could never have improved on this fade-out—Gary Powers walking into the sunset with his $50,000 in withheld pay after his vindication by the CIA, amid the plaudits of the Senate Armed Services Committee and the packed caucus room. What a happy ending! As *The New York Times* correspondent said, "For a man who twenty months ago was widely criticized in Congress and the country for not killing himself, it was a hero's redemption." It shows not only that one should never despair of success, but that in the profession of spying one can succeed in other ways than by obtaining information about the enemy.

When the unsuccess of Gary Powers wrecked the Summit Conference of 1960, it was nevertheless made plain to all good Americans that this was really the fault of the Russians and that the image of Khrushchev, in particular, had been much too generously delineated. All good Americans also knew that Powers was now in for such brainwashing and torture that his one regret would be that he had not used the poison needle with which the CIA had thoughtfully provided him. The stereotype thus emerging from the Powers affair is as indestructible as Mount Everest. Powers testified, both in Moscow and in Washington, that he was not tortured or ill-treated in any way, but this in no wise alters our views of the enemy. We do not concede that he is human. We are certainly no more optimistic about the chances of coming to a peaceful agreement with him. The pseudo-event, produced in the ateliers of Madison Avenue, is more powerful than any actual event.

While our enemy grows blacker, our own virtue glows with an ever more golden light. What brought down the house was Powers' simple statement that, throughout his captivity, "There was one thing I always remembered while I was there, and that was that I am an American." At that moment, though perhaps only for that moment, Mr. Powers was almost as beloved as Colonel Glenn. The boy from ol' Virginie had made good. Before the Moscow tribunal, he had expressed his regret for his mission and had told the court that he felt he had done his country "a very ill service." At the time this seemed plain English and to many good Americans, including some sections of the press, it seemed to border on treason. But before his admiring audience in Washington, Powers was able to explain that he had made fools of his captors. All he had meant

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was that he regretted having failed in his primary mission of bringing back photographs of Soviet installations, and had caused embarrassment to his employers. The enemy is not only wicked and cruel, but also gullible; the American boy is not only fine and good, but smart.

More Important than Pork

The title is Joseph Alsop's and we are borrowing it without permission. What has supplanted pork and patronage combined in American politics? Mr. Alsop, who should know, tells us it is defense contracts. The change from pork to patriotism has attracted little notice, he feels. To this we would file a faint demurrer. President Eisenhower warned the American people against the military-industrial complex in his farewell address; *The Nation* devoted a special issue to the problem ("Juggernaut—the Warfare State," October 28, 1961) and has editorialized on it almost weekly. Nevertheless, although it comes late, the powerful assistance of Mr. Alsop is most welcome.

Mr. Alsop cites a number of instances, such as the 13,000 jobs imperiled at the Republic Aviation plant on Long Island by the phasing-out of the F-105 fighter, which have given rise to political-economic pressures. The prize example at the moment, however, is the B-70 bomber. The history of this monstrosity is that both the Eisenhower and Kennedy administrations have tried to hogtie it and have succeeded momentarily, but it always gets loose again. As Mr. Alsop points out, it is certain that a boost in the B-70 North American Aviation contract helped carry California for Nixon in 1960. Mr. Nixon who, according to Mr. Alsop, had importuned the President to spend generously on the B-70, allowed his campaign managers to circularize all the 18,000 workers at the Convair plant in San Diego to the effect: "Vote for Kennedy and lose your job."

This year General Curtis LeMay, Chief of Staff of the Air Force and a man of unusual pertinacity, has gone to bat for still more B-70s, in addition to more of about everything else. So the House Armed Services Committee has voted to "direct" the Defense Department to spend $491 million more on the B-70 than the department had requested. If the full program is carried through, about $10 billion will be involved.

The arguments against B-70 production are that the bomber cannot be deployed until the late sixties, by which time the country will be saturated with missiles. It is very doubtful, also, that an aircraft flying at 2,000 mph can be designed to bomb at all; there are some very serious technical problems. It would, of course, also be the prototype for a 2,000-mph airliner. But the airlines are unable to achieve profitable load factors even with the present subsonic airliners, and it is no secret in the industry that when one of these delta-wing aircraft gets into trouble from yawing or other causes, it is very difficult for the pilot to retrieve it—and that at speeds less than a third of those projected for the B-70.

The appetite for defense contracts is literally insatiable. In California, where nearly a quarter of all defense contracts are placed and the dollar value is rising ($5.7 billion in 1961 compared with $4.8 billion in 1960) layoffs are proceeding at the rate of 400 a week at the General Dynamics plant in San Diego, and by June are expected to reach 15,000. At last count 26,000, or 7.5 per cent of the city's work force, were out of work. Heedless of the plight of California, eight Midwestern states contemplate banding together with Missouri in what the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* calls a "high-pressure, political-advertising-promotional" campaign to get more defense business. Senator Symington, himself a champion in this line, opposes the idea, probably because he figures that, under his aegis, Missouri has done pretty well already, and might lose if its neighbors get more. It is indeed a beautiful spectacle to see the free-born citizens of the Republic cutting one another's throats in the name of national defense.

THE FORCE OF NONVIOLENCE . . *by Howard Zinn*

FOUR instances of violence come to my mind. One I read about in the newspapers; another I witnessed; in a third I was on the receiving end; in the fourth, the most brutal of them all, I was a perpetrator.

The first took place an hour's drive from my home in Atlanta, Georgia, when a mob in Athens, screaming epithets and hurling rocks, attacked the dormitory occupied by the first Negro girl to enter the University of Georgia.

The second I saw years ago as I walked through a slum area of the lower East Side of New York: a little old Jew with a beard, pulling his pushcart, was arguing with a Negro who was demanding payment for his work. The bearded man said he didn't have the money and the Negro said he needed it and the argument grew, and the Negro picked up a stick of wood and hit the old man on the side of the head. The old man continued pushing the

HOWARD ZINN, chairman of the Department of History and Social Science at Spelman College, won the Beveridge Award of the American Historical Society in 1956 for his book, LaGuardia in Congress.

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cart down the street, blood running down his face, and the Negro walked away.

In the third instance, I took my wife and two-year-old daughter to a concert given in an outdoor area near the town of Peekskill, New York. The concert artist was Paul Robeson. As he sang under the open sky to an audience of thousands, a shouting, angry crowd gathered around the field. When the concert was over and we drove off the grounds, the cars moving in a long slow line, we saw the sides of the road filled with cursing, jeering men and women. Then the rocks began to fly. My wife was pregnant at the time. She ducked and pushed our daughter down near the floor of our car. All four side windows and the rear window were smashed by rocks. Sitting in the back seat was a young woman, a stranger, to whom we had given a lift. A flying rock fractured her skull. There were dozens of casualties that day.

The fourth incident occurred in World War II when I was a bombardier with the Eighth Air Force in Europe. The war was almost over. German territory was shrinking, and the Air Force was running out of targets. In France, long since reoccupied by our troops, there was still a tiny pocket of Nazi soldiers in a protected encampment near the city of Bordeaux. Someone in the higher echelons decided, though the end of the war was obviously weeks away, that this area should be bombed. Hundreds of Flying Fortresses went. In each bomb bay there were twenty-four one-hundred-pound fire-bombs, containing a new type of jellied gasoline. We set the whole area aflame and obliterated the encampment. Nearby was the ancient town of Royan; that, too was almost totally destroyed. The Norden bomb sight was not that accurate.

THESE FOUR instances of violence possess something in common. None of them could have been committed by any animal other than man. The reason for this does not lie alone in man's superior ability to manipulate his environment. It lies in his ability to conceptualize his hatreds. A beast commits violence against specific things for immediate and visible purposes. It needs to eat. It needs a mate. It needs to defend its life. Man has these biological needs plus many more which are culturally created. Man will do violence not only against a specific something which gets in the way of one of his needs; he will do violence against a symbol which stands for, or which he believes stands for, that which prevents him from satisfying his needs. (Guilt by association is high-level thinking.)

WITH symbolic violence, the object of attack is deprived of its particularity. Only in this way can man overcome what I believe is his natural spontaneous feeling of oneness with other human beings. He must, by the substitution of symbol for reality, destroy in his consciousness the humanness of that being. To the angry crowds outside the dormitory in Athens, Georgia, their target was not Charlayne Hunter, an extremely attractive and intelligent young woman, sitting, brave and afraid, in her room. She was a "dirty nigger" — a symbol abstracted from life. To the Negro who committed violence on the streets of New York, this was not a pathetic old Jewish immigrant, forced in the last years of his life to peddle vegetables from a pushcart, but a dehumanized symbol of the historic white exploiter who used the Negro's labor and refused to pay him a just wage. To the screaming rock-throwers of Peekskill who fractured the skull of a young woman returning from a concert, the people in the car they attacked were not a family on an outing; in this car were people who had gone to hear a black-skinned communistic singer and who therefore were all congealed into a symbol representing nigger-loving communism. And as I set my intervalometer, and toggled off my bombs over the city of Royan, I was not setting fire to people's homes, crushing and burning individual men, women and newborn babies. We were at war, we always dropped bombs on the enemy, and down there was the enemy.

The human ability to abstract, to create symbols standing for reality, has enabled man to compound his material possessions, to split the atom and orbit the earth. It also enables him to compound his hatreds, and expands his capacity for violence. But while there is no incentive to distort in the scientific process which changes reality to symbol for purposes of manipulation, and back to reality for purposes of realization, there *is* incentive, in social relations, for distorting the symbols of communication. With man's use of symbols, the potentiality for hatred and therefore for violence is enormously, logarithmically, magnified. And with word-symbols the possibility for distortion is infinite. In fact, distortion is inherent here, for while particles of light are sufficiently similar so that we can express the speed of all of them in a useful mathematical equation, human beings are so complex and particular, and their relationships so varied, that no generalized word can do justice to reality.

WAR is symbolic violence, with all people who happen to reside within the geographical boundaries of a nation-state constituting "the enemy." Race persecution is symbolic violence directed against all individuals, regardless of their specific characteristics, who can be identified with an abstracted physical type. In the execution chamber, the state puts to death anyone, regardless of individual circumstance, who fits the legal symbol: murderer. The law forcibly deprives of freedom everyone who falls within the symbolic definition of a criminal; sentences are sometimes meted out to individuals, but mostly to dehumanized lawbreakers whose acts match an abstract list of punishments.

There is symbolism also in the use of violence to effectuate desirable social change, whether through revolution, labor struggle, "just" wars or desegregation. This creates the probability that there will be only a partial correspondence between the specific obstacle to progress and the generalized, symbolized object of violence (the head of Marie Antoinette, the $50-a-week scab, the civilian population of Dresden, the

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poor white in Mississippi). It may hurt the revolutionary reformer to think so, but the fact of symbolization in human violence creates a common problem for *all* users of violence, regardless of their ends. And it may displease the pacifist to say so, but these different ends do matter in deciding how much violence we should countenance in the rearrangement of the social structure.

Symbolism, with its inevitable distortions, complicates an already tough problem: developing an approach to nonviolence that is both realistic and moral. We need a rational approach that avoids both the blurred thinking shown by some advocates of nonviolence and the easy paths to brutality constructed by the "realists." I infinitely prefer the absolute pacifist to the sharp, cool *realpolitik* character who is found so often these days in academia, journalism and the government, but the same absolutism sometimes infects the nonviolence people, who emerged only recently out of the American desegregation battles and whose theories are less developed than their actions. The nonviolence people in America have been saved the consequences of a muddy theory by the favorable circumstances attending Southern desegregation, and because their technique has not been tested on more difficult problems.

THE absolutism of some nonviolence spokesmen weakens their position, I believe, because people know, deep inside, even if they can't articulate the reasons, that there are times when violence is justifiable. For nonviolence seen as absolute pacifism is only one of a pair of linked values which humanitarian people share — peace and social justice. The desirability of the one must constantly be weighed against the need for the other. Also, the problem is subject to internal contradiction: sometimes the failure to use a measure of violence may make inevitable a far greater violence. Would it have been wrong to assassinate Hitler at that moment in the war when this might have brought a halt to general hostilities and the extermination of the Jews?

It is not true, as some say, that bad means always corrupt the ends.

Vicky: London Evening Standard

If the amount of evil embodied in the means is tiny and the amount of good created by the end is huge, then the end is not corrupted — either objectively in the result or subjectively in the conscience of the doer. This matter of conscience is often pointed to by the absolutist pacifist. Certainly, if a man sees a neighbor stealing his son's bicycle and knocks him unconscious with a baseball bat, the wielder of the bat may recover from his anger and say: What a terrible thing I have done to save a bicycle! But if he should see his neighbor — whom he knows to have a violent temper — pointing a shotgun at his wife and children, and does the same thing — will his conscience bother him then? Is the end corrupted by the means?

The Freedom Riders behaved nonviolently. But their action did bring violence against themselves, and against others. Nonviolence theorists will insist that the responsibility for the violence rests with those who committed it. But this dodges the question; the fact is that there was more violence in the world *after* the Freedom Riders began their rides than *before*. And for this there is only one justification: that the amount of violence was insignificant compared to the amount of justice won.

In a world of great injustice, we need social change. Social change requires action. Action may result, either by design or by accident, in violence. The fact must be faced. And violence is an evil, along with injustice. The only way, then, to decide upon a course of action is to weigh the damage of violence against the damage of social injustice. The nonviolent absolutist, in all logic, may have to forgo social change, putting himself in the contradictory position of maintaining a *status quo* that tolerates violence like capital punishment and police brutality against Negroes. On the other hand, people who are prepared to pursue any course of action leading to social change may find themselves in the contradictory position of using such violent and uncontrollable means that there is no society left to enjoy the benefits of the changes they seek. Our values are multiple; they sometimes clash; and we need to weigh, weigh, weigh.

YET, I must admit that there is a powerful and humane motive impelling the absolutist position: that once you give nervous, hostile and ill-informed people a theoretical justification for using violence in certain cases, it is like a tiny hole in the dike: the rationales rush through in a torrent, and violence becomes the normal, acceptable solution for a problem.

This happened in the area of free

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speech. When Justice Holmes, perceptively noting that free speech is not an absolute right, came up with his famous example — should a man be allowed to shout "Fire!" in a crowded theatre? — the gates were down, and the witch-hunters rushed through. The "clear and present danger" doctrine became a "fairly clear and one-of-these-days danger" doctrine. We began to persecute Communists even though their ineffectualness indicated that they were stammerers shouting fire in a foreign language to a deaf audience. Now that the absolute and unequivocal dictum of the First Amendment has been pushed aside, anything goes. This is why Justice Black insists on an absolute defense of free speech. And this may be why pacifists insist on an unequivocal rejection of violence.

I THINK, however, that it is in the nature of speech that the exceptions to an absolute defense of its freedom would be very few, whereas in the complex sphere of social action, there may be many situations requiring some measure of force or of pressure that produces counterforce. Moreover, in the area of free speech, most situations allow polar solutions; you either permit the speech or deny it. In the tactics of social change, however, there are countless intermediate positions between total passivity and total violence. Still, it is terribly important to understand that our starting point should be pacifism, that the burden of proof should be placed on the arguer for violence. Just as a man should be considered innocent until proved guilty, a policy should be automatically nonviolent until the weight of reason, undistorted by symbolism, argues otherwise. And even here we need a court of appeals, because a cardinal fact about violence is that, once initiated, it tends to get out of hand. Its limits are not predictable.

The actual process of weighing violence versus injustice differs in each specific case. Symbols distort the weighing, but the amount of distortion depends on how far the symbol is from the reality. Sometimes people can refer fairly easily to the specific human situation, as was the case in the 1930s, when the epithets of "socialism" directed at the New Deal could not fool people in the presence of hunger. Such is the situation in the desegregation campaigns today, where visible and appealing Negroes push through the old stereotypes to confront white America. Desegregation is a self-propelling process, because as it proceeds it brings more and more whites into contact with human beings instead of racist symbols.

The most notable contribution of the desegregation movement to other worthy causes is as a showcase for nonviolence under conditions where the technique is shown in the best light. It indicates the possibility, heretofore not clearly enunciated by either pacifists or revolutionists, of using minimum force to achieve maximum justice. Here is nonviolence at its best — a golden mean between passivity and violence. Such techniques have been used countless times in the history of reform — in labor struggles, farmers' movements, etc. — but never yet accompanied by a theory which enables transfer to other social problems.

THE weighing is easy, too, in another aspect of American life, but has here been ignored. This is in the area of legal violence against criminals and suspected criminals: capital punishment, police brutality, the murder of burglary suspects. Here, symbolism is still unassaulted by reason and humanity. Last month, in Atlanta, an eighteen-year-old boy was shot and killed while running away from the scene of a vending-machine robbery that had netted him $3.84. The policeman who shot him was not firing at a human being, but at a symbol: a thief, an enemy of society. The policeman was defending another symbol: private property. As symbols, abstracted from flesh and blood, the solution is simple: private property must be protected. As reality, it looks different: the life of an eighteen-year-old boy against the loss of $3.84.

In capital punishment, too, we are not weighing how much justice will be accomplished by the act of judicial murder. If we did, the answer would be obvious: execution of a human being — no matter how foul his deed — cannot bring more happiness, more justice, into the world. But the figure in the electric chair is not a human being, and the act is not weighed in terms of human values. He is a part of a mathematical equation in our law books which says simply that a person who has violated a certain kind of law must be murdered. Our law is symbolic, not human, so abstracted from life that it is capable of the most horrible injustice.

WITH regard to revolution as a means of changing the social order, the weighing of violence against injustice is more difficult, and the complexity of the problem varies from case to case. Though the American Revolution took seven years and tens of thousands of lives, we are so infatuated with the results that we don't dare question its desirability. Is it possible that methods short of all-out war might have eased Britain off the backs of the colonists? Probably not, except over a long period of time and with constant nonviolent harassment. My point here is not to pass judgment on what is a most complicated revolutionary situation, but to argue that the use of violence as a corrective is so ingrained in the human psychology that we don't even question it. The French, Russian and, more recently, the Cuban revolutions, involving shorter bursts of violence against more uncompromising and backward regimes, are easier to justify; and the fact that each brought on its own brand of Bonapartism does not vitiate the fact of long-term social transformation in a positive direction. Yet these revolutions may have shed more blood than was necessary to achieve their results. You are grateful even for an inept surgeon who removes a festering appendix, but will look next time for someone who will accomplish surgery with less damage.

The existence of two mighty power blocs armed with H-bombs, between them linked through a sensitive nervous system to all the countries of the world, makes revolution a more dangerous technique these days. If the United States had launched a massive open assault on Castro and Soviet Russia had come to Cuba's

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defense, or if NATO had listened to those urging support of the Hungarian rebels, who can predict the outcome?

Khrushchev seems to recognize the dangers in his talk of "peaceful roads to socialism," just as we did by exercising restraint in Cuba and Hungary. And the current fascination with which Western military men are studying Mao's ideas on guerrilla warfare, as well as Kennedy's recent favorable references to short-of-war tactics, show growing recognition of the new situation created by nuclear stockpiles. With heads of state, however, the crucial consideration is not likely to be the humanitarian goal of saving lives, but the realistic view that national victory cannot come with suicide. For advocates of desirable revolutionary changes, the prospect of nuclear war is unthinkable on humanistic grounds, regardless of the question of "victory" or "defeat"; therefore, they need to think more and more about nonviolent alternatives to civil war within tyrant-ridden nations.

IT IS IN large-scale, international wars that the pacifist can hardly go wrong, for here the violence is so massive, so symbolic, so unfocused on specific targets, that even a tremendous turn for the better in the conditions of millions of people does not make easy a judgment for war. World War I, which caused 20 million deaths, is a classic example of mass murder for dubious gain; it was probably the most stupid war in history.

World War II assaults our emotions as we begin to weigh the result in terms of social justice against the degree of violence employed. The reality of Nazism was as close to the symbol of total evil as any phenomenon in human history. In no other war have the issues seemed as clear-cut. Because of this we were able to pass lightly over massive immorality on the part of the Allies — the killing of hundreds of thousands in indiscriminate bombing raids on cities, climaxed by the horrible deeds at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Altogether, 40 million persons' lives were wiped out. Could we have defeated Hitler at a lesser cost? With

"We've time for one more hand."

so many lives at stake, could we not have exploited every alternative, sane or wild? Could we not have used nonviolence in a thousand different ways? Perhaps we might have let Hitler take territory after territory, allowed his empire to become bloated and sick, meanwhile organizing an underground against him everywhere. I am not at all sure of this, but what I want to do is to challenge the automatic acceptance of the traditional response to evil. Not only conservatives, but liberals and social revolutionaries as well, are paralyzed by habit.

THERE are clearly many cases where the weighing of nonviolence against social justice is difficult. Ironically, however, in the situation today, involving rocket-propelled missiles and hundred-megaton warheads, the decision should be obvious and easy — and the peoples of the world have not made it. A fundamental reason is that it is always harder to check up on the reality behind the verbal symbol in international affairs than it is in domestic issues. And the passions of the cold war have created symbolic distortions on an unprecedented scale. This is seen in both elements of the slogan that sums up much of American thinking: that we must "fight" to save the "free world."

It should be apparent to anyone who coldly surveys the effects of multi-megaton weapons — the fireball, the explosion, the fallout, the mass cremation — that the word "fight" is a monstrous euphemism, and that no possible combination of evils in the world today can balance on the scales the mammoth irretrievable evil of a nuclear war. But we do not have an electronic mechanism to conjure up the right pictures as soon as the word "fight" is heard. Thus, whenever some political issue arises which is subject to inflammation, whether it is Berlin or Formosa or Cuba, we begin to talk of "fighting" or "making our stand here." Americans hearing the word "fight" think, perhaps, of the last war, never of annihilation, never of agony beyond the imagination. We need somehow to push aside these verbal symbols and let people confront with open eyes what Giraudoux in *Tiger at the Gates* has Hecuba describe as the face of war: the backside of a baboon, hairy and red with a fungus growth. The Russians and the Chinese, their memories of death more pervading, may have less trouble than we do with symbolic obstacles. Yet, Marxist terms like "struggle," which they use constantly, are loose enough to becloud a variety of dangerous actions. In every country of the world, it needs to be stated flatly now and through all present crises and possible crises: there is no piece of territory in the world, no city, no nation, no social system, whose preservation is worth a thermonuclear war.

ONCE the reality behind the symbols for war becomes distorted and diluted to represent something less than total disaster, war becomes conceivable *under certain conditions*; and those conditions appear when the other side of the scale — the issue of social justice — becomes distorted. Soviet depictions of "capitalism" and "imperialism" as total and unrelieved evils create a dangerous symbolism. A rationale that can justify the resumption of atomic testing can possibly be stretched to justify actions risking war. Khrushchev's attempts to increase contact with the West, to trade people and newspapers and television programs, may very well be aimed at softening the image of total capitalist evil nurtured by the Stalinists, in order to create an ideological base

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for his stated policy of peaceful, competitive coexistence.

On the American side, the symbolic distortion is widespread. Here are a few examples:

¶The issue, goes the argument, is one between the "free world" and the "slave world." Now there are more avenues of free expression in the United States than in the Soviet Union, but there are also many restrictions on the freedom of Americans. Soviet life imposes definite limitations on Soviet citizens, as a Harvard University scholar who had just come back from a year in Soviet Russia told me recently; but, he said with great force, "these people are *not* slaves." The "free world" is ridden with embarrassments: Chiang Kai-shek, Franco, Salazar, Ngo Dinh Diem and Senator James O. Eastland of Mississippi. In the "slave world" are the humanist Marxist Adam Schaff, the dissident novelist Dudintsev, the heretic poet Yevtushenko, and countless freedom-loving people. It is impossible to draw geographical lines on this globe which will leave a preponderance of "good" people on one side and "bad" on the other. This sort of gerrymandering is dangerous.

¶Another bit of symbolism is extremely popular with the czars of the anti-Communist seminars now held throughout the country. It goes like this: the Communists will use any means to gain their ends; we won't. But even a sidelong glance at our history should dispose of this idea. Certainly the Communists will use any means they think feasible to gain their ends. And so will we. Is there a more fiendish means than murdering innocent women and children by the tens of thousands in an atomic blast? We did it twice. The Russians use violence when they feel they have to. We do, too. They use deception. We use deception. They lie. We lie. They spy. We spy.

¶The "Communist threat" is a symbol that conjures up in American minds the notion of Soviet armies marching into other countries to establish Bolshevism. We ignore the fact that communism is fundamentally an internal development, and that attempts to suppress it by violence are most likely to feed its growth. In the two huge bastions of Soviet power — Russia and China — communism rose from the ashes of decadent and oppressive regimes. Even where the presence, or the imminent presence, of Soviet troops played varying roles, as in Eastern Europe, the internal conditions were such as to produce powerful Communist movements. Yugoslavia did not need the Soviet Union to have communism. The Czech Communists were strong enough, and knitted closely enough to the working class, to take power on their own, as a recent scholarly study of their takeover indicates. When the Communist parties of France and Italy numbered in the millions after World War II, it was not due to any outside invading force. Our complete misunderstanding of the nature of communism helps explain why the United States, possessing the most overwhelming military power, with bases all over the world and H-bombs by the carload, had to stand by helplessly while Cuba turned Socialist under its nose.

¶"You can't deal with the Russians" is another set of words obfuscating reality. In negotiations, the Russians have shown themselves as obstinate, as shifting, as exasperating—as we have. The recent study by Richard Barnet (*Who Wants Disarmament?*), tracing the disarmament negotiations year by year, reveals that both sides have made concessions, both have refused to concede, both have taken unilateral initiatives, both have refused to do so. We have compromised on international issues. So have the Russians. They pulled troops out of Iran, out of Manchuria, out of Finland, out of Austria, and were even on their way out of Hungary until Nagy miscalculated on how far he could go.

THE LIST of these symbolic distortions, leading to hate and war, is endless. The distortions so unbalance the scale on which we unconsciously measure the evil of war against the evil of injustice that they enable leaders who would not deliberately choose war to adopt measures which risk war. And the advocate of unilateral initiatives for disarmament, rather than denying that there are risks in disarmament, should weigh those risks versus the others. On such a scale, undistorted by symbolism, the conclusion would clearly favor the risks of disarmament.

WE FIND ourselves at a point in history full of paradoxes: H-bombs have, by their test explosions alone, obliterated the traditional revolutionary idea of a "just war" and suggest caution to advocates of social upheaval. Yet, social injustice is everywhere in the world, crying for correction. At this very moment the technique of nonviolence is brought to our attention by the sit-ins of the American South, by the sailors of the *Golden Rule*, by the demonstrators in Trafalgar Square. It is no one method, but an arsenal of methods, all of which start beyond passivity and stop short of war. It recognizes honestly that once passivity is renounced, some degree of force may enter the situation, but it is determined to keep this to a minimum, and starts always from the assumption of zero violence. Nonviolent activists win over the onlookers of the world, and make things more difficult for the perpetrators of violence and injustice. They know the value of words as the tools of symbolic distortion which prevent people from perceiving reality; but they are especially concerned with human contact—interracial and international —as a way of directly smashing through the walls of symbol. While violence is blunt and undiscriminating, nonviolence is sharp, particularized, focused, flexible.

Out of the Southern battles have come the first stalwarts of nonviolent action who may be the forerunners of a new world force. These are the young men and women of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, white and Negro, of all backgrounds. They have been beaten and jailed and beaten and jailed; they have developed the proper disrespect for authority, and also the self-discipline of martyrs without the professional martyr's predilection for defeat. They fit neither of the old American types of bull-headed radical or suffering pacifist. They come from no particular community and, one of these days, may come from no particular nation. Because they are both mobile and quick to sink roots, they are neither outsiders nor

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natives wherever they work. They are more than a peace corps and less than an army; they are the guerrilla fighters of social reform.

The Negro in the South has given the cue, but the nation has not taken it. That beautiful balance embodied by the sit-ins and Freedom Rides is cautiously condoned, but not emulated, by the government. And yet, it is especially in the United States that the technique of nonviolence is demanded, at a time when domestic injustice and stupidity in foreign policy require assault. Ironically, our government is missing the golden mean of nonviolence on both counts, for it is passive in domestic affairs which it *can* control, and violent abroad in situations it *can't* control.

The truth is that our entire political system is geared towards a strange inversion. The antiquated structure of Congress—its committee system operating by seniority, the gerrymandered state legislatures—is only the manifestation of a basic political malaise that operates to make our legislative bodies representative of the most backward elements of the population. Our cumbersome lawmaking machinery, its controls supervised by Southern reactionaries, is not geared to the swift pace and zooming expectations of the twentieth century. This is shown in instance after instance where the President cannot get the mildest pieces of social-welfare legislation through Congress, or secure a petty amount of cash to support the United Nations. In foreign policy, on the other hand, he has a free hand. The result is that he is quicker to assault Cuba than to assault Congress.

George Kennan and others have argued convincingly that the most effective thing we can do in foreign affairs is to create a magnificent social system at home. The plain fact is, that despite our superfluity of autos and television sets, we cannot really come before the world and say: here is your ideal social system, where the wealth of the nation is distributed in such a way as to eliminate poverty and insecurity, where the aged are taken care of and the sick are cured regardless of their finances, where all who want education can get it, where artists, poets, musicians and writers can achieve as much economic security as the man who designs a new yo-yo.

It was the feeble ineptitude of the strongest government on earth that brought on the sit-in movement. That 700 Negroes in Albany, Georgia, had to demonstrate in the streets to put into effect an Interstate Commerce Commission ruling that had not been enforced by the government is embarrassingly representative of the years since 1954.

What the Southern Negro has done for desegregation can also work for freedom of speech and assembly, for medical care, against capital punishment. Nonviolent techniques —the kind already used and many kinds still germinating in our imaginations—seem the only sensible answer to a world sitting in a mine field and yet needing to move. They can be effective in the swamp of representative government and within the stone walls of Communist bureaucracy. They employ humor, kindness, pressure, flexibility, attack and retreat — guerrilla warfare in time of peace. Today, when force is absolute, we may have to live, and advance, by our wits.

Man, separated from his fellow man by symbolic distortion, has been violent for most of his history. But he has also shown the ability to break through symbols, to make direct contact with other human beings and to renounce violence. He is not determined inexorably in either direction, the social psychologists and cultural anthropologists tell us. Perhaps here is our chief hope. Man is open to suggestion. And nonviolence uses neither compulsion nor silence. Calmly, powerfully, it suggests.

South Vietnam: The Issue Is Freedom . . *by Luther A. Allen*

"WHAT do you mean by 'freedom'?" was the first question asked me by students of Saigon's Faculty of Law after my initial lecture there in 1960. I had tried to explain that a free country is one which guarantees a fair trial, tolerates a free press and permits a loyal opposition to contest the highest positions of power. "We thought South Vietnam had been free since 1954 but, from what you say, *Monsieur le professeur*, South Vietnam is not free."

Most of the students and professors, as well as many of the business and professional Vietnamese whom I came to know in the autumn of 1960, were refugees from the North. They had already learned from their own experiences that a Communist state is not free. They had cut their traditional family ties and left their beloved Hanoi, the intellectual and cultural center of the country, because they believed that the regime of Ngo Dinh Diem would share the ideals of the American (and French) Revolutions. They had admired Diem's courage and his fervent nationalism. They had stood by him as he battled to establish the authority of a South Vietnamese state in the chaotic conditions of 1954 and 1955. If there was to be a free Vietnam, they knew, it would have to emerge, not from the Communist North, but from the new Republic of Vietnam in the South.

They assumed that America would help in this battle. They knew that Diem would not have survived without American backing. Probably, some of them admitted, there was no real alternative to Diem other than the Communist regime of Ho Chi Minh in the North. They knew

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America had helped them build an army, but, they said, the kind of warfare that was recommencing had key political as well as military components. I could see myself that, if these potential cadres among Saigon's elite were to go out and persuade the villagers to support "Free Vietnam" against the Vietcong, they needed to believe in freedom. In any case they expected American intervention to extend beyond the military, economic and administrative fields and into the area of politics.

American policy, however, was a policy of "nonintervention." This was made very clear to me from the start by the Political Counselor of the Embassy. "The Ambassador," he said, "wants no association with the intellectual opposition to the Diem regime by U.S. officials — and that includes Smith-Mundt professors!" (which is what I was). He went on to express contempt for the Saigon intellectuals. They had no support. They were divided. Dr. Phan Quang Dan* was a lone wolf, and the "Committee of the Eighteen" were disgruntled, wealthy Vietnamese who represented only themselves. The United States was to avoid giving the impression that we would support any alternative to Diem. He admitted that Diem is mortal but, he added, so are Sukarno, Prince Norodom Sihanouk and Nehru. No one could replace Diem.

THE interest of the Saigon intelligentsia in the 1960 American election campaign was intense. My classes in American Government bristled with pointed questions. The local United States Information Service helped to show the Vietnamese what free elections are like by planting items on our Presidential nominating procedures and the campaign in the highly controlled Saigon press. The lesson did not extend very deeply, however, as the bullets in Saigon on November 11-12 were to prove. In the process of discussing the American elections, none the less, I found myself learning something of Vietnamese politics from my students.

In Vietnam, I was told, only official pro-government parties were authorized. Authorization, which was required for the establishment of a newspaper, was a formidable barrier to any opposition opinion. Dr. Dan's Free Democratic Party (originally called Republican) was not legally sanctioned, and his newspaper, which he was granted permission to publish only after long delays, was closed down by the authorities within a few months. He did, however, become a candidate for a seat in a populous working-class district in the Saigon area, and defeated an official candidate by a large majority. But, fatefully, he was refused the seat on trumped-up charges. When my students taunted me about Diem's denial of Dr. Dan's seat, I told them of the protests made by the American, British and French Ambassadors, but I had to admit that the American Ambassador probably could not back up his protest with the threat of withdrawing American aid. In any case, Dr. Dan continued to fight for the right of an anti-Communist nationalist to criticize his government.

EVERY month or so I found under my door Dr. Dan's mimeographed propaganda. In one of these, an "Open Letter to President Ngo Dinh Diem," dated August 4, 1960, he suggested that *habeas corpus* be inscribed in the 1956 Constitution, that emergency laws be limited to fixed periods (from six months to a year), and that administrative internment in concentration camps be limited to a maximum of one month. He recommended greater responsibility, fuller publicity and effective due process in handling cases involving political security. He ended by calling for the "liberation of all nationalist political figures now in jail in order to create the psychological shock that will facilitate national union, the indispensable condition of success in the anti-Communist struggle."

In the spring of 1960, eighteen prominent Vietnamese prepared a petition expressing the frustration of Saigon intellectuals. They condemned the empty formalism of the Constitution, the effective denial of civil liberties and efforts to develop one-party rule in pale imitation of Communist techniques. Representatives of the Western press were present when the Eighteen called a special press conference at the glamorous new Hotel Caravelle (situated strategically across from the National Assembly and alongside Tu Do or "Liberty" Street which the Vietnamese persist in calling by its old French name, Catinat). But when they presented their "Caravelle Manifesto" at the palace, President Diem refused to see them.

My students later asked me why the local USIS had not disseminated the "Caravelle Manifesto" in Vietnamese. Couldn't some American agency help the Vietnamese establish a pilot free press and advise political discussion groups, just as we advised Vietnamese soldiers? Why shouldn't Vietnamese and Americans in Saigon discuss, publicly and soberly, such questions as the purported use of pay-offs in the granting of import licenses, these tainted funds being used, it was believed, to finance the official political organizations established by the President's brother, Ngo Dinh Nhu and Madame Nhu?

Dr. Dan was not associated with the "Caravelle Manifesto," but at least one signer was equally notable as a symbol of legal opposition, his influence being among more elite strata. This man was the deputy, Phan Khac Suu, a Cochin-Chinese intellectual, engineer and leader of the Red Cross of South Vietnam. He had long been known as a man of character, anti-French and of course anti-Communist. A potential leader of moderate hue, he was elected as an opposition candidate in a relatively well-to-do district of Saigon in 1959, despite government pressures exerted in behalf of an official candidate. Unlike Dr.

*Phang Quang (Huy) Dan was born in the province of Vinh in North Vietnam, which is noted not only as the birthplace of Ho Chi Minh but also as the scene of a peasant revolt against Communist rule in late 1956. Dr. Dan was educated in Paris, Hanoi and at Harvard. He refused to collaborate with Ho Chi Minh at any early date, but served only briefly under Bao Dai. He reputedly had American contacts in 1953. He refused a post in the first Diem government, but chose to fight the battle for liberalization of the Diem regime from inside rather than from exile, practicing medicine in suburban Gia Dinh and devoting much of his time to politics, under police surveillance.

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Dan, Suu was able to take his seat in the National Assembly, but when he spoke out, as did Dr. Dan, against forced labor in the new, potentially creative Agroville program, his voice could be heard only via Western press reports. Consequently Dr. Dan, in a mimeographed public letter dated July 4, asked Suu to resign from a National Assembly of well-paid rubber stamps, "the better to enlighten public opinion on the true nature of the Assembly, and to honor once more traditional Vietnamese virtues of integrity and self-respect." Suu did not do so.

BOTH the denial of Dr. Dan's seat and the rejection of the "Caravelle Manifesto" had been passed over in silence by the South Vietnamese press since my arrival in Saigon. Soon, however, I learned that, under Diem's 1956 Constitution, Presidential elections were due to take place in April of 1961. When my students asked me to suggest analogies to Vietnamese politics in my discussion of the process of choosing American Presidential candidates, I found I could not do so. Between August and November the local press made no references whatsoever to the coming elections. In private, Vietnamese friends expressed their cynicism and despair. Only a few optimists (mostly Americans) had the temerity to suggest that Dr. Dan and Phan Khac Suu might make appropriate opposition candidates.

In late October the government reversed its policy of playing down Communist subversion and called a press conference to give full publicity to a large-scale Communist attack in the highlands of Central Vietnam. On November 8, the National Assembly considered a possible one-year grant of full emergency powers to the President, which implied the possible cancellation of the April elections. But at that time Saigon intellectuals were preoccupied with the prospects of the American elections. "What would a Kennedy victory mean?" they kept asking me in a mixture of hope and apprehension — hope for more liberty in South Vietnam and apprehension over increasing Communist subversion and concomitant Western hesitation in aiding South Vietnam to resist it. There was tension and excitement in the crowded USIS auditorium when enough returns were finally in for the Vietnamese to shout "*Vive* Kennedy!"

BARELY thirty-six hours later there was ack-ack and mortar fire in the early morning hours. Paratroop units seized all government buildings and posts save the Presidential palace. When I arrived at the Faculty of Law that morning, my students explained that the coup was South Vietnam's response to Kennedy's election. But, when

Ngo Dinh Diem

I asked them who *their* Kennedy might be, I got no response. Their behavior that morning told me what the coup meant. For two hours they lectured me on the lack of peasant support for the regime, the extremes of wealth and poverty in South Vietnam and the lack of communication between Vietnamese and Americans. What they wanted most was very simple: freedom to express their opinions. This would not be extended to Communists, they assured me, but Diem's intolerance of non-Communist opposition had bred fear and disaffection. What they wanted President Diem to learn was simply that, to inspire the support needed for fighting a long guerrilla war, the South must have more liberty.

The lack of political coordination or leadership during this abortive coup was patent. The paratroop colonels could not bring themselves to seize the Presidential palace. One of them, Colonel Nguyen Chanh Thi, hoped that Diem would remain as Chief of State, but divested of his family advisers and sycophantic government. Consequently, the rebel officers failed to follow up their initial military advantage and, seeking the cooperation of the American Military Advisory Group, negotiated with Diem. Late that day the President agreed to form a new government which would include leaders of the rebellion. These negotiations with the President indicated the political moderation of the coup which stemmed from the inability of most oppositionists to conceive of a viable South Vietnam without Diem at least as symbolic leader. Hopefully it was felt that he could be reformed.

EARLIER, however, President Diem had called directly over his own radio transmitter for help from Colonel Khiem, a godson of the President and commander of the armored forces stationed at My-Tho. Khiem's units were allowed to enter Saigon, reportedly because the paratroopers believed that he too was on their side. When Khiem's tanks moved around the President's palace, however, they pointed their guns ominously away from the palace and toward the broad, tree-lined boulevard. The coup had failed. [See "How to Seize Power," a review by Brian Crozier, on page 240.]

Further evidence of the absence of political planning could be seen in the tracts distributed on the afternoon of November 11 in the name of a purported "United National Front" against "the dictatorial Communist and feudal danger"! These tracts vaguely implied the total overthrow of Diem with such slogans as "Let all the people unite to struggle against the Communists!" and "Let us resolutely wipe out corruption and the feudalism of the Ngo family." Appended to the manifesto were some nineteen names, beginning with that of Deputy Phan Khac Suu and including five other signers of the "Caravelle Manifesto." I was told later on good authority that Suu and his colleagues were

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not even consulted about this move.

Even further lack of coordination was exhibited in the arrangements for Dr. Dan to take over the radio as "Political Commissioner" of the rebellion. While he was shouting over the air waves that "the Army has overthrown Ngo Dinh Diem's feudal government and mastered the situation," Diem was agreeing to form a new government and troops loyal to Diem were replacing the rebel paratroopers. Dr. Dan's appeal to the people to support "the revolutionary government" (dissolved before it was even formed) contributed to a rally on the boulevard during which some "Down with Diem" banners were raised. When forces loyal to Diem fired into the crowd, many were wounded and some were killed.

DR. DAN and Phan Khac Suu were arrested shortly after the collapse of the coup. On February 21, 1961, the Saigon press reported that "authoritative sources," in reply to a BBC broadcast that Dr. Dan was dead, stated that he was still alive and, together with Phan Khac Suu, "another rebel leader who was also believed to be a member of the rebel 'Revolutionary Committee,'" would go on trial soon. At about this time a picture was published of members of Dr. Dan's family visiting him in jail.

A year has passed and, to my knowledge, Dr. Dan and Phan Khac Suu are still awaiting trial. Would it be too much for President Kennedy to ask Diem where they are? There is good reason to think that Suu should be acquitted. Dr. Dan, I submit, deserves at least the right of political asylum. The liberation of these two men would serve as a striking symbol that freedom *is* our joint battle. Such a symbol would give heart in the enlistment of Vietnamese and American fighters for freedom in a hazardous battle which, inevitably, entails our honor.

COMMITTEE OF ONE MILLION

BEHIND the HANDOUT CURTAIN . . *by Harry W. Ernst*

Charleston, W. Va.

THE MIMEOGRAPHED handout addressed to "city editors, editorial writers, columnists and commentators" was typical of hundreds that flow daily into wastebaskets of newspapers across the country. It was from the Committee of One Million (Against the Admission of Communist China to the United Nations), and its message was summarized in the first paragraph:

> In an open letter to Adlai Stevenson, U. S. Ambassador to the United Nations, the Committee of One Million warned that "continued American support of the U.N. would not be justified if its Charter is weakened and ultimately destroyed through the admission of representatives of the so-called People's Republic of China.

The handout went on to describe the committee as being "supported by a majority of Congress—55 Senators and 295 Representatives—representing both Parties." On the back of the handout were listed the names of 349 Senators and Representatives who were identified as "Congressional endorsers" of a committee statement opposing the seating of Communist China in the United Nations and U.S. diplomatic recognition of the Peking government, which appeared above their names. [See "China Lobby's New Gambit," by Urban Whitaker, *The Nation*, Oct. 7, 1961; also "Lobby of a Million Ghosts," by John O'Kearney, *The Nation*, Jan. 23, 1960.]

Publisher W. E. Chilton III of *The Charleston Gazette* wondered if the Congressional liberals and moderates, whose names were among the 349 endorsers, really supported the committee's bald attempt to blackmail the U.N. into either continuing to deny the admission of Communist China or losing the essential support of the United States. So Chilton wrote fifty of the Congressional endorsers, both Democrats and Republicans, who have reputations as liberals or moderates, and asked them four questions: Were you asked in advance whether you agreed with the statement of the Committee of One Million? Are you consulted in advance about the public positions the committee takes? What role do Congressional endorsers play in shaping committee policy? Do you believe the United States should stop supporting the U.N. if Communist China is admitted?

Of the twenty-five Congressmen who replied, only three said they believed the U.S. should abandon the U.N. if Communist China becomes a member. They were Rep. Cleveland M. Bailey (D., W. Va.), Rep. Gerald R. Ford, Jr. (R., Mich.) and Sen. Milton R. Young (R., N.D.). Fifteen said they either planned to withhold judgment until the U.S. faced such a situation, or would oppose U.S. withdrawal from the U.N. solely because of Communist China's admission.

Adopting a wait-and-see attitude were Sen. Robert C. Byrd (D., W. Va.), Sen. Francis Case (R., S.D.), Rep. Abraham J. Multer (D., N.Y.), Sen. Winston L. Prouty (R., Vt.), Sen. Margaret Chase Smith (R., Me.), Rep. Samuel S. Stratton (D., N.Y.) and Sen. Ralph W. Yarborough (D., Tex.), who said he wasn't prepared to endorse the committee's statement at this time.

Opposing U.S. withdrawal were Sen. Clinton P. Anderson (D., N.M.), Rep. John D. Dingell (D., Mich.), Sen. Paul H. Douglas (D., Ill.), Rep. James G. Fulton (R., Pa.), Sen. Mike Monroney (D., Okla.), Sen. Thurston B. Morton

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HARRY W. ERNST is a staff writer for The Charleston Gazette, *Charleston, W. Va.*

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(R., Ky.), Sen. Stuart Symington (D., Mo.) and Sen. Jennings Randolph (D., W. Va.), who said he was "strongly considering the removal of my name from those supporting the committee. . . ."

Three Congressmen largely dodged the most important question (U.S. withdrawal from the U.N.) and just reiterated their opposition to sin (in this case, Communist China). They were Rep. Ken Hechler (D., W. Va.), Sen. Kenneth B. Keating (R., N.Y.) and Sen. Thomas H. Kuchel (R., Calif.). Staff members answered for the two Senators.

Speaker of the House John W. McCormack (D., Mass.) announced that he was resigning from the committee, explaining that he supported its opposition to Communist China's admission to the U.N., but had disagreed in the past with parts of its policy statements.

Three other Congressmen, listed as endorsers, said they weren't committee members. They were Sen. Clifford P. Case (R., N.J.), Sen. Leverett Saltonstall (R., Mass.) and Rep. Jim Wright (D., Tex.). Case and Saltonstall said they signed the original petition circulated by the committee, but haven't endorsed any other statements and don't consider themselves members.

The committee listed James C. Wright as one of its Congressional endorsers. The only James C. Wright in Congress represents the 12th District of Texas. His reply to *The Gazette's* inquiry was: "I have never heard of the so-called 'Committee of One Million' prior to the receipt of your letter. . . . I have emphatically not signed or agreed to any such statement as that quoted in your letter."

THUS the overwhelming majority of the Congressional endorsers who replied to *The Gazette's* inquiry revealed that they disagreed with the radical statement which the Committee of One Million circulated across the country with their implied endorsement. Excerpts from some of their letters follow:

Sen. Anderson: "Offhand, I would think that we would oppose the admission of Red China, but would not necessarily try to tear down the United Nations if we lose that fight. . . . Actually, there might be situations—such as that of Albania—where the United Nations could be the scene of conflict between Soviet Russia and Red China, and that conflict might be of benefit to the Free World."

Rep. Dingell: "I believe the U.N. is altogether too important in this world as an agency for peace and as the last real hope of the world for lasting peace for there to be public statements by responsible leaders threatening United States pullout from that body without the gravest of causes."

Sen. Douglas (a member of the Committee of One Million's steering committee): "I do not believe the United States should withdraw from the U.N. if Communist China were admitted to membership. . . ."

Sen. Monroney: "I would not support American withdrawal, which would be a death-blow to the organization."

Sen. Randolph: "I definitely do not believe that the United States should consider the admission of Red China per se as justification for our withdrawal from the United Nations."

Sen. Morton (former GOP National Chairman): "I do not think that the United States should stop supporting the U.N. immediately if Communist China is admitted to membership. If, however, resulting from such admission, the U.N. loses its effectiveness, then I think the United States should carefully review its position."

Sen. Symington: "I do not believe the United States should stop supporting the U.N. if Communist China is admitted."

Of the twenty-five Senators and Representatives who replied, only Sen. Douglas and Sen. Keating said they were consulted in advance about the committee's policy statement. Douglas said he refused to endorse or sign the open letter to Ambassador Stevenson. And only Douglas and Keating, members of the Committee of One Million's steering committee, said they played any role in shaping its policies. The other twenty-three said they were seldom, if ever, consulted by the committee staff.

The Gazette's brief excursion behind the handout curtain indicates that a significant minority of those on Capitol Hill whose names are exploited by the committee obviously don't share its philosophy. The findings also raise serious questions about whether elected representatives of the people should lend the prestige of their office to the promotion of causes which they are expected to consider with the best interests of their country and districts in mind.

"I have long had the policy of not joining any organization which has a direct interest in public policy questions on which the Congress may be asked to formulate legislation or pass on public policy," wrote Sen. Saltonstall, although his name appeared as a Congressional endorser of the committee handout.

The Committee of One Million places great importance on being able to use the names of members of Congress in ballyhooing its causes. "Of particular importance was the tremendous Congressional support received by our Committee," wrote its secretary, Marvin Liebman, in a 1961 progress report.

MEMBERS of Congress might reflect on the wisdom of becoming associated with propaganda groups that don't consult them individually on new policy statements. As has been indicated, only two of the twenty-five members of Congress who replied to *The Gazette* survey were consulted in advance about the committee's call for the U.S. to get out of the U.N. if Communist China is admitted. And although Sen. Douglas refused to endorse that position, his name nevertheless appeared on the back of the handout.

Rep. Fulton cited how conflicts can arise from such associations. "At the present time I am one of the two House of Representatives' advisers to the U.S. Mission to the U.N. on space matters, and in this capacity do not believe that I should become involved as an individual on other policy matters within the jurisdiction of the U.S. Mission to the U.N., upon which present official policy positions are being taken." But his name appeared as a committee endorser on the back of a handout urging a major policy position.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Fireworks of John Adams

THE DIARY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN ADAMS. Vol. I: *Diary 1755-1770* (365 pp.); Vol. II: *Diary* 1771-1781 (458 pp.); Vol. III: *Diary* 1782-1804, *Autobiography,* Part 1 to 1776 (449 pp.); Vol. IV: *Autobiography,* Parts 2 & 3, 1777-1780 (403 pp.). L. H. Butterfield, editor. Harvard University Press. $30 set.

Loren Baritz

THIS EDITION of Adams papers is the most ambitious project of its kind that is now under way. Eventually there will be between eighty and a hundred volumes. The work will cover three generations of Adamses and end in 1889, thus excluding the continuing Adams urge to write as found in Charles Francis II, Henry and Brooks, to mention the fourth generation only. The three-generation deluge of words is so vast that, to my knowledge, no one has dared to suggest that the editors be more ambitious and extend their coverage. This project has almost turned a metaphor into a fact: an ocean of ink is beginning to roll.

Under the editorship of L. H. Butterfield, and with Leonard C. Faber and Wendell D. Garrett as assistant editors, the superb standards already established in the recent publication of papers of other of our nation-builders is at least being equaled. And with John Adams, whose diary from 1755-1804 and autobiography to 1780 comprise these first four volumes, the editorial job is enormous. John Adams still has enough power to drive his editors to humor; they confess, fondly I suspect, that he was a "character," and that he would have been one "at any time and in any part of the world." Adams' musings, mutterings, political and social commentaries and analyses, as well as his general and peculiar vision of the world, are reduced to one ridiculous and perfectly true summary of the man: he was "a remarkable human being—self-important, impetuous, pugnacious, tormented by self-doubts and yet stubborn to the point of mulishness, vain, jealous, and suspicious almost to the point of paranoia; and yet at the same time deeply affectionate and warm-hearted . . . irrepressibly humorous, passionately devoted all his life to the welfare of his country, and as courageous a statesman and diplomat as his country ever had."

IT IS more than a century since Charles Francis Adams, John Adams' grandson, published an edition of his grandfather's papers. No full edition appeared between that and the present one. But Charles Francis Adams was a good editor, unlike almost every one of his contemporaries, and was almost willing to let John have his say in the way that he had said it. Almost, but not quite. There is no surprise in learning that the grandson was solicitous of his grandfather's spelling and dignity and, from time to time, recoiled from John Adams' barnyard language, character assessment and, be it said, assassination. Old John simply was unable to stop muttering, and despite his grandson's integrity and courage, he sometimes was not nice or genteel enough for mid-nineteenth-century taste. In teaching John manners proper and acceptable to descendants of two Presidents, Charles Francis, unfortunately, made the man less human than he was, less likable, less believable.

One of John Adams' most indelible traits was a positive hatred of blank paper. He was always writing something, keeping records, copying letters, scribbling in the margins of his books, and—the inevitable corollary—saving the entire mass. On his first trip to France he was horrified to learn that "The public Business has never been methodically conducted. There never was before I came, a minute Book, a Letter Book or an Account Book. . . ." Benjamin Franklin's cook noted in a domestic account book that was being kept, the laconic but predictable entry: "achêté deux livres à Ecrire pour Monsieur Adam."

John Adams' need to keep a diary was part of a long tradition in Puritan New and Old England, a tradition designed by those early heretics and pioneers to help them balance their spiritual books at the end of each day's fight with the devil. It took an actual earthquake in New England to shake John into this proper work, and once started it rumbled on of its own accord. "Reading his Diary," the editors say—and rightly—"is something like watching a display of fireworks. It is also the best of all antidotes for the false idea that the nation was founded by a set of lawgivers dignified in mien and inspired by heaven. The scuffles and turmoil, the mingled pettiness and courage, the frequent foolishness and the flashes of wisdom are all here, recorded by a witness and participant who was also a master of words." The human quality of this diary and autobiography constitutes their prime value. One may learn a surprising amount about Adams himself; also about some of his colleagues and the manners and style of parts of America, France, Spain and England.

HIS characteristic mood as he begins his diary is self-criticism. His ambition is fierce and his worldly progress of course too slow. The fault, usually, turns out to be his own. In April, 1756, he noted: "A cloudy morn. All my Time seems to roll away unnoticed. I long to study sometimes, but have no opportunity. I long to be a master of Greek and Latin. I long to prosecute the mathematical and philosophical Sciences. I long to know a little of Ethicks and moral Philosophy. But I have no Books, no Time, no Friends. I must therefore be contented to live and die an ignorant, obscure fellow. A showery Day." A few years later he admonishes himself in terms that are amusing because we know him, his industry and accomplishments, better than he did at the time: "Let no trifling Diversion or amuzement or Company decoy you from your Books, i. e. let no Girl, no Gun, no Cards, no flutes, no Violins, no Dress, no Tobacco, no Laziness, decoy you from your Books. (By the way, Laziness, Languor, Inattention, are my Bane. . . .)" He seemed to be preparing to meet gentle obscurity, and it was not enough: "Where is my Soul? where are my Thoughts. When shall I start some new Thought, make some new Discovery, that shall surprize the World with its Novelty and Grandeur?" On his twenty-fifth birthday, a good time to look back in anger, he was still at it.

The emerging revolutionary crisis changed his outlook by changing his life. The Stamp Act furor raised the

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curtain on his political career, and presented him with a chance to grow from an anonymous provincial lawyer into a world figure, with power and influence enough to satisfy most men, but, of course, not him. Later, when he was in France, he admitted the contribution England made to his career: "The Times alone have destined me to Fame—and even these have not been able to give me, much." There was always something sloshing around to spoil the soup, and as he grew older the blame increasingly, and finally exclusively, was put on others—his enemies who, according to him, almost equaled the human race.

In 1771, when England helped matters to quiet down, Adams could announce: "Farewell Politicks." Three years later he was elected to the Continental Congress which was his springboard into the future. October, 1774: "In Congress, nibbling and quibbling—as usual.... These great Witts, these subtle Criticks, these refined Genius's, these learned Lawyers, these wise Statesmen, are so fond of shewing their Parts and Powers, as to make their Consultations very tedius." A later Congress, instead of nibbling and quibbling made him a joint commissioner to France with Benjamin Franklin and Arthur Lee. He was not idle on the voyage to Europe: "I am constantly giving Hints to the Captain concerning Order, Economy and Regularity. . . ."

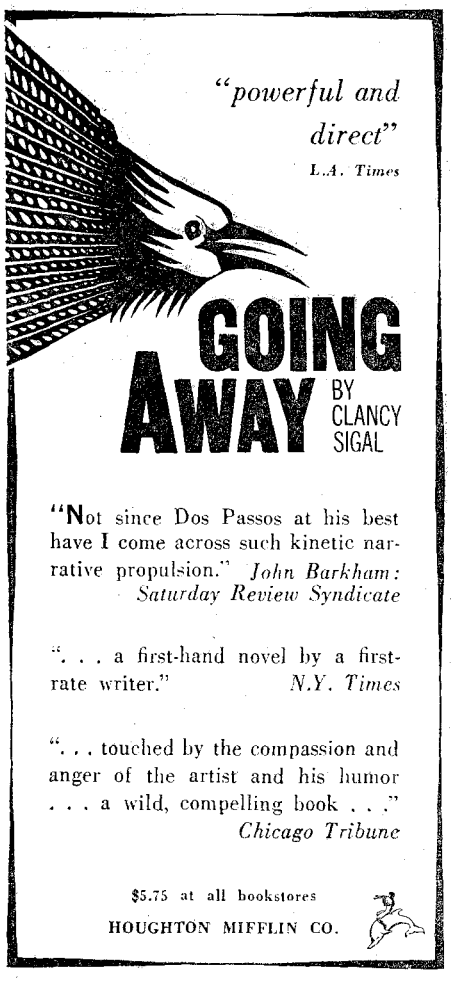
IN FRANCE he was the perfect innocent at Court, referring to himself as a "simple Inhabitant of the American Wilderness." He worried that the pure but unsophisticated American ministers would be duped by "the Subtilty, the Invention, the profound Secrecy, the Absolute Silence of these European Courts." When he was presented to the King his French proved hopeless. At a dinner he was told that the easiest ways to learn French were to "take a Mistress and go to the Commedie." It is needless to say that he noted that the two ways were not equal: "The Language is no where better spoken than at the Comedie." When he says that "Innocence is not Proof against the Arts of Paris . . . [that] Virtue is melted away, by Wine and Artifice" we may be sure that he is not describing John Adams.

One anecdote is too good, and too revealing, to omit. At a dinner in "Bourdeaux," an "elegant Lady" who "tho married" spoke to Minister Adams: "'Mr. Adams, by your Name I conclud you are descended from the first Ma and Woman, and probably in your fam may be preserved the tradition which may resolve a difficulty which I could never explain. I never could understand how the first Couple found out the Art of lying together?'... This question was surprizing and shocking.... I blushed... [but] set a brazen face.... 'Madame My Family resembles the first Couple... so much that I have no doubt We are descended from that in Paradise. But the Subject was perfectly understood by Us... by Instinct, for there was a Physical quality in Us resembling the Power of Electricity or of the Magnet, by which when a Pair approached within a striking distance they flew together like the Needle to the Pole....' She replied 'Well I know not how it was, but this I know it is a very happy Shock.' I should have added 'in a lawfull Way' after 'a striking distance,' but if I had her Ladyship and all the Company would only have thought it Pedantry and Bigottry." His ability to play such wicked games did not quite convince him that he was in danger of succumbing to Paris. The ladies of France continued to give him philosophical trouble until finally he realized "that the manners of Women were the most infallible Barometer, to ascertain the degree of Morality and Virtue in a Nation.... The Manners of Women, are the surest Criterion by which to determine whether a Republican Government is practicable...." Allow these French manners to appear in pure America, and the republic would come crashing down in short order.

Innocence had its rewards. Massachusetts was a hundred years in advance of Spain (where he was once forced to disembark because of a leaky ship) in the construction of roads and traveling conveniences. Cleanliness was unknown in Spain; one night there he went to bed, "but I cannot say I slept or rested at my Lodgings. We had too many Companions in Bed, in whose Society I never could sleep, much more than if I had been buried in hot embers."

Innocence allowed the American ministers to conclude their business with success. But it was no defense against intramural gouging. Franklin's reputation especially made Adams peevish: "The Compliment of 'Monsieur vous etes le Washington de la Negotiation' was repeated to me, by more than one Person. I answered Monsieur vous me faites le plus grand honour et la Compliment le plus sublime possible.—Eh Monsieur, en Verite vous l'avez bien merité.—A few of these Compliments would kill Franklin if they should come to his Ears." Charles Francis Adams could not allow old John to bluster so: "Franklin [has] Servility and insidious faithless Selfishness...." He described the impiety of Jefferson in language too strong for Charles Francis, as well as the vignette of Hamilton: "Born on a Speck more obscure than Corsica, from an Original not only contemptible but infamous, with infinitely less courage and capacity than Bonaparte, he would in my Opinion, if I had not controuled the fury of his Vanity... involved it [America] in all the Bloodshed and distractions of foreign and civil War at once." Tom Paine, also protected by Charles Francis, now too gets his: an "insolent Blasphemer of things sacred and transcendent Libeller of all that is good. . . . Worthless." [John Paul] "Jones had been so elevated by his Success in taking Prizes . . . that he acted a very high handed and presumptuous Part upon many Occasions, which gave Us a great deal of trouble. . . ."

ALONG with this picture of the human John Adams, these volumes also present his much more familiar public face. There is a detailed Adams-eye view of the colonial legal system, of the politics and personalities of the Revolution, and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of the problems in the foreign affairs of the new nation. Scattered throughout the diary, in letters to newspapers and friends, there are the germs of what were to become his sometimes brilliant and always scholarly works on political theory. It is helpful to recall that he made mistakes — and none so damaging as the Alien and Sedition Acts — almost never knew tact, and was villified probably more than any one else of his time or status. He was certain that his reputation would be blown apart by his innumerable enemies and their innumerable offspring. He was certain that no one would sing his praises because posterity would be too occupied with Franklin, Jefferson and Washington to notice him. He said that he would have no romancer to tell of the role he had played. By and large, he was right. Now, however, thanks to the scholarship and integrity of his editors, he is telling his own story in his own robust way. He himself confirms the fact that he was a "character," and makes us ask ourselves why men of his kind seem to be no longer with us. His kind of politician is not merely more fun to have around, but probably would be more effective. To move from John Adams to the bureaucrat of our day is almost too much for the imagination, but if the mind can make the leap, it will be too depressed to justify the effort.

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How to Seize Power

THE CONSPIRATORS: A Study of the Coup d'état. By D. J. Goodspeed. The Viking Press. 252 pp. $5.

Brian Crozier

IF YOU and your friends wish to overthrow the government, you will find it is not enough just to seize government buildings, the airport and the broadcasting station. You will also have to neutralize the main leaders of the government. The second point is far more important than the first, and those plotters who fancy they have seized power when they occupy a council chamber and a post office usually end up before a firing squad.

One doesn't, as a rule, overthrow a government for the sake of passing the time of day, so consolidation is as important as the actual *coup d'état*. If the country is large, provincial cities have to be seized or neutralized as well as the capital. In the capital itself, all exits must be blocked, so that supporters of the government can be rounded up. Also, it is desirable to have a program of action for the difficult phase that always seems to follow when enthusiastic amateurs inherit a government machine before they have studied the nuts and bolts of governing.

Throughout this tense and dramatic phase, writes Major Goodspeed, of the Canadian Army, speed is really of the essence: speed, secrecy and efficiency. Don't take anything for granted. The leader of the conspirators may assume a bridge has been blown up because orders to that effect were given; such faith is fatal to the longevity of the conspirators. Finally, neither dither nor dally, for he who hesitates is utterly lost.

IN THIS brilliant book, a tour de force of reconstruction, narrative skill and intelligent abstraction of principles, Major Goodspeed examines six twentieth-century *coups d'état*, three of them successes, and three failures. In an illuminating last chapter, he produces the blueprint for the perfect *coup d'état* which I have summarized above.

The examples could hardly have been better chosen. The successful plotters, whether by coincidence or not the author doesn't say, were those who were utterly ruthless, never hesitated and followed through to the end. They were the murderers of King Alexander of Serbia in 1903, the Bolsheviks in 1917 and Mussolini's Fascists in 1922. The failures either hesitated too long or took things for granted, as did the idealistic Count von Stauffenberg and his followers in 1944, who wrongly assumed that Hitler had been killed by the bomb the Count had planted next to him in the *Gästebaracke* in Rastenburg in July, 1944; or they mistook the shadow for the substance, as did the pathetic Irish conspirators in the Easter rising in Dublin in 1916, who thought seizing the public buildings would bring down the imperial power seated in distant London. The unsuccessful Kapp *Putsch* against Ebert's Socialist government in Germany in 1920 completes Major Goodspeed's trio of failures.

IT WOULD be an interesting, and perhaps not entirely academic, exercise to see how the author's theories apply to the *coups d'état* of the mid-century. Certainly they fit the successful coup of Abdel Karim Kassim against the Hashemites and Nuri es-Said in Iraq in 1958, and the botched anti-Diem coup in Saigon in 1960 (see article by Luther A. Allen, page 233). Kassim's plotters observed total secrecy and butchered the royal family; he is still in power, though the revolution has devoured, or at any rate jailed, a fair number of its children. The Saigon plotters hesitated, failed to storm Diem's Independence Palace and did not bother to secure political support. They duly lost out.

Among the many felicities of this book is the freshness of the light it throws on the "October" Revolution, seen here not as a revolution but as a *coup d'état* against the revolutionary but vacillating and inefficient government of Kerensky. The history of anti-colonial struggles since the war also seems to confirm the author's view (expressed on pages 65 and 66) that the only way to overthrow a colonial government is by terrorism and guerrilla warfare, the *coup d'état* being an inappopriate technique. Plotters of the future will hardly be able to dispense with a reading of *The Conspirators.*

BRIAN CROZIER, author of The Rebels, *is a member of the foreign staff of* The Economist (*London*).

Invocation

The day hanging by its feet with a hole
In its voice
And the light running into the sand

Here I am once again with my dry mouth
At the fountain of thistles
Preparing to sing.

W. S. Merwin

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ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

WEEK OR TWO AGO I carried my book one evening to the snug auditorium under the Museum of Modern Art to try to capture a capsule of the current now abroad on the subject of city planning. The evening of talk, the first in a series co-sponsored by the Museum and the Architectural League, was called "The Asphalt Jungle," and was well cast. Peter Blake was a pleasant, but pointed moderator. The speakers were Edmund Bacon, executive director of the city planning commission in Philadelphia and an architect by training; and Edward Logue, Development Administrator of the Boston Redevelopment Authority, who is a lawyer and rather strongly a non-architect ("Architecture is a silly profession. . . .").

Bacon is a tall, cranelike, young-seeming man whose tenacity is disguised by a cheery, impersonal smile. He has made so many speeches to civic groups that his brightness is a little professional. But one measure of any city planner is how long he stays in one city before exhausting his optimism and moving on. Bacon has stuck to Philadelphia for 19 years. It is true that most of his programs have been so picked at by politicians and real estate men that they have succeeded only partially — and sometimes hardly at all. But he continues not only the exciting process of making plans, but the tedious task of trying to get them built. New York has no one to compare with him. Few cities have; one of the few is Boston.

Edward Logue is as compact physically as Bacon is elongated, and in manner as cautiously caustic as Bacon is cheery. He was brought to Boston last year from New Haven, where he had carved out an impressive reputation for steady, truculent progressivism. He knows that the situation in Boston is almost as bad as that in New York but he says he enjoys city renewal — a staggering statement by a professional today — much more surprising than hearing a general say he enjoys war (it is like hearing a platoon leader in the infantry claim that *he* likes war).

THE third star of the evening was Mrs. Jane Jacobs, whose recent book, *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* (reviewed in *The Nation*, March 3), begins by stating, "This book is an attack on current city planning and rebuilding . . ." and goes on to denounce the practice of ripping out the down-to-earth undergrowth of old urban neighborhoods and replacing it with lofty forests of apartment groups. As New Yorkers know, Mrs. Jacobs is also a political heroine. When her own neighborhood in West Greenwich Village was marked for demolition by the New York Planning Commission, she and her neighbors rose up and clawed back, forcing Mayor Wagner to call off the renewers.

Mrs. Jacobs is understandably a little tired of making speeches, and that evening declined to speak from the rostrum. She chose instead to comment from the speakers' table on Bacon's rather rattled and defensive opening statement ("I don't know why you people up here in New York are so depressed. . . .") and Logue's cagier observations ("The large-scale public housing program has been one of the greatest social failures of our time . . . [but] rehabilitation is the wave of the future in urban renewal. The day of the bulldozer is over.").

When her time came, Mrs. Jacobs quickly, but not really unkindly, butchered both professional planners. To Bacon, she began: "Ed, people *are* depressed in Philadelphia . . ." and went on to assail his hopeful schemes for green walkways as "paper plans" which actually, when executed, come out to be "dull and droopy" spaces. She then cut into Logue's disavowal of the bulldozer by reading his agency's impersonal description of Boston's flavorsome Italian North End District as a blighted area to be removed and replaced. She soon had the audience laughing sardonically.

BACON'S strongest point in rebuttal was, perhaps, an aside, almost a sigh, in which he wondered what Mrs. Jacobs was *for*. A wave of nervous clapping swept the auditorium. Logue scored when he said that Mrs. Jacobs' quotes from the redevelopment proposal actually covered an area much wider than the North End. He said bluntly that her information was incorrect: he was proposing to rip out and replace only 5 per cent of the North End, and his problem was that the residents want *more* complete renewal, not less, because the suburbs are luring the younger generations away from the old Italian community.

But then his remarks frayed off. He counterattacked Mrs. Jacobs by ridiculing her home heath, the West Village, and this was not wise. He had examined the West Village the evening before, and found it lacking in the kind of urban amenities he prefers.

The more interesting points of the evening were not vivid because they were not part of the quarrel. For example, Mrs. Jacobs deplored the lawlessness with which local politicians interpret the federal regulations governing renewal. Logue pointed out the need for a new government agency to lend money for city renewal, since the FHA was really designed to develop the suburbs. Bacon underscored the necessity for including architecture in the socio-economic morass of redevelopment. It was about then, however, that Logue launched his reasons for calling architecture a silly profession. He subdivided the practitioners as follows: (1) those who buy jobs under the table from crooked politicians; (2) those who eat in businessmen's clubs every day, coax jobs from businessmen, themselves become businessmen, and deliver business buildings, not architecture; (3) those hungry young architects of talent — the only respectable category to him — whose competitive situation forces them to deliver buildings on low budgets, but whose own ambition makes them want to build great, or even good, architecture, and who eventually turn into (4) the "great architects," who blandly ignore budgets, Logue said, and also have the devastating habit of entirely despising one another's work. No one

ADLAI E. STEVENSON
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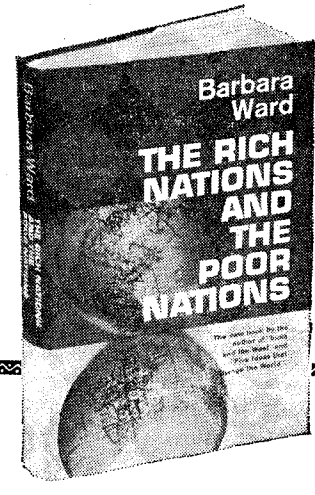

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tried to answer Logue; it was too evident that he had had some blinding experiences lately with several categories of architects.

So it was an unconstructive evening, if entertaining. That it entertained is a credit to the participants, and the sad truth is that nobody should expect much more from a current encounter among the spokesmen of planning.

The profession in the United States is in a pitiable way, belabored from all sides. It is easy to say that today is the planners' greatest time of opportunity, of challenge. The simple truth is that there are too many politicians in the way, and still not enough money to work with. Most of all, the forces that are destroying the cities are thriving. So there the planners hang, suspended like rugs in the spring time and being beaten upon by everyone. Mrs. Jacobs' book certainly has contributed to the general clubbing, but who can say that she is not essentially correct about the haughty housing projects still being applied like poultices to urban aches. On the other hand, though Logue shouldn't have made faces at the flavor of the West Village, a thriving community, what he might have pointed out is that the West Village is not even a semi-solution to the main problem of the city: saturation by low-income non-whites. The point of social importance about the West Village is not whether or not it is legally a slum but that its old 20-foot-wide houses cost at least $35,000 to buy (plus another $20,000 for the usual rehabilitation). It is luxury housing.

PLANNERS like Bacon have long known, and discussed, and even worked hard to accomplish, the only feasible urban housing solution this side of Le Corbusier's vertical city in a continuous park. The plausible, practical solution is a careful mix of new vertical housing and the rehabilitation of some old lower buildings. It is clear that Logue has also found his lawyerly, logical way to this approach. Most of the planners I've listened to regard Mrs. Jacobs as a vivid defender of the *status quo*. I know she is not; I am sure she too favors this practical solution. That is what makes it a relief to hear her zeroing in on politicians lately, rather than on the poor earnest planners, who actually would be nodding at everything she says in her book if they were not so busy ducking.

The truth may be that the problem of city renewal is too intricate and multifarious for politicians to handle in conventional ways. They like to handle one thing at a time—and handle it in a way they think their constituents will understand. But many things are wearing away at our cities simultaneously, making political oversimplification simply ineffective. The problem instead may call for a measure of political courage, even some sacrifice. Recent events, however, have indicated that the Kennedy Administration does not think it can afford this sacrifice.

This does not mean that planning matters have not been improving in a technical way in Washington. For example, even the HHFA is doing its best to attract good planners to its staff, and in quantity too. For the first time, the head of FHA is a man who talks to the head of the Urban Renewal Agency. Neither is a political hack; they are both professionals. But, again, this is not enough; the political haze around them continues to be suffocating. Witness the fact that the proposal for a Cabinet level post to correlate the cities' problems was allowed to turn into a game of touch football—an ironically appropriate happening on both the national and local levels.

To look further for irony, consider a moment the plight of the White House neighborhood itself. While the TV cameras roll indoors, showing the admirable restoration being accomplished in the President's house, the bitter fight over Lafayette Park across the street is lost. The gracious old buildings around this calm beautiful park are going to be hacked out and replaced by faceless government structures. The planners are against the change; the politicians are for it. That is as good a capsule on planning in the U.S. today as I can find.

MUSIC

Benjamin Boretz

PERPETUALLY expectant of the transcendent musical revelations that great performances of great masterpieces are supposed to supply, the listening public submits happily to endless repetition of the handful of works that constitutes the "standard repertory." While this contributes immeasurably to the current glorification of the performer, it also indicates a fundamental misapprehension of the nature of the works themselves as well as of the qualities that actually distinguish a good performance. Much of the public's self-delusion arises from its indifference (and that of most performers) to the music that is being composed in their own time. For when music

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is regarded nostalgically as a preordained collection of "masterpieces" whose "inner meaning" can be uncovered by inspired "interpretation," rather than as a continuing chain of compositional discoveries, it is forgotten that a "masterpiece" is a "composition" too, and that its particular qualities derive from its special ordering of ideas, its significant solutions to musical problems.

A GOOD performance is precisely one that results from the performer's apprehension of such orderings, and his discovery of the means to articulate the resultant structure. This feat requires considerable musical intelligence and insight, as well as complete technical mastery of the performing medium. But it also requires extreme self-effacement. The performer's proper efforts are all directed at removing obstacles to the clarification of the musical object, of which his "personality" (which usually means either lack of understanding or technical deficiency) is one.

At the same time, his personal responsibilities are great, since the musical notation in a score is only a more or less accurate symbolic representation of an actual composition. Unless he understands the exact nature of the work approximated in the notation, the performer is likely to do violence to it, even when he believes that he is adhering literally to the score. For example, a score may indicate which passages are loud and which soft (even, to a certain extent, the gradations between these levels), the textural densities, relative tempi, etc., along with, obviously, the actual pitches and instrumentation. But only through a full awareness of the structure of the composition can a performer decide upon crucial relationships among these qualities — the intensity of a texture, the loudness of one *forte* or *piano* as compared with all the others, the hierarchy of contrapuntal voices or harmonic successions — none of which can be determined accurately from generalized ideas of sensibility or the perception of merely local relationships.

In fact, a performance is weakened to the extent that they are so determined. Anton Webern once said, "Your ears will always lead you right, but you must know why." Thus a performer's intuition of the nature of a work may bring him to a more or less reasonable simulation of its sensibility; but this is perilous, both because it is superficial and because it reverses musical logic. The "feeling" of a work results from its precise fixing of relationships among particular musical ideas — the "form" — so that a performance that proceeds correctly in terms of interior formal articulations is far more certain to generate the intended "feeling" than any overtly expressive approach. And a performance conceived from the particular terms of such a form will naturally generate the qualities that make it unique; whereas sensibility and expression are ultimately undefinable generalities that can equally well (or badly) characterize works that are utterly different. As a result, they tend to bring all music onto the same level.

Although the formal procedure of every significant composition is unique and specific, the relativism of notation makes it possible, in traditional music, to find a variety of means for its realization. Thus, slower tempi may be employed to permit greater weight of individual accentuations or a thicker overall density; on the other hand, a light, barely inflected, kind of articulation and instrumental weight must move relatively faster to achieve the same basic coherence. Similarly, a point of arrival may be approached by a change in tempo as well as by means of dynamics or phrasing, or a crescendo may be achieved by an emphasis on instruments having a more penetrating tone color rather than by an actual increase in over-all volume. Naturally, stylistic context limits such variations, but more than one legitimate "interpretation" of the musical symbols is possible, as long as each is dictated by the necessities of the musical discourse rather than by the caprice of a performer's quivering sensibilities. The "expression" of significant relationships is the only expressivity essential to music.

UNFORTUNATELY, the actual performances one encounters rarely live up to any such standard of discipline and artistic conscience. The temptations of the market place, or perhaps simple lack of musical insight and intelligence, make good performances nearly as uncommon as good compositions. Sloppiness takes several distinct forms: the perennially popular emotionalist freely mangles the shape of everything he performs according to the whim of the moment; the unimaginative but virtuous *Kapellmeister* hopes to conceal his lack of understanding and involvement beneath a strict adherence to the letter of the score; the virtuoso simply plays as fast and as brilliantly as possible — he, at least, if technically equipped, can provide a diverting acrobatic act. Finally, the profound metaphysician, striving always for an unattainable ideal, shapes every work according to his preconceived idea — with the result that everything comes out sounding like an imperfect realization of something else.

Some recent experiences with both concert and recorded performances of music from the standard orchestral repertory have proved revealing from this point of view. In orchestral music, of course, the performance situation is rather special in that the individual instrumentalist performs his task under the direction of a conductor. This is analogous to the production of a play, if one can imagine a director standing in front of his actors during a performance and indicating by gesticulations the pace and movement of the action. The execution, thus, depends on the conductor's analytic penetration, his ability to translate it into realistic instrumental terms and the quality of the orchestra.

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the Beethoven Eighth Symphony with the Symphony of the Air at Carnegie Hall on February 20, many of the faults seemed traceable to the orchestra. Presumably, Mr. Wallenstein did not will that the violins should be almost inaudible in all but their highest register, or that the brass should play out of tune and mostly *fortissimo*, or that many of the attacks should come in layers, as though the orchestra were divided into two or three groups playing under as many conductors out of sight of one another.

However, the ideas that one could distinguish as Wallenstein's own also hardly seemed the materials of a good performance. His approach was entirely literal; all *fortes* reached approximately the same volume, all accents were thumped out with about the same weight, and the chordal balances and spacings of sonorities seemed rather fortuitous and unrelated to Beethoven's careful and subtle structuring.

THIS symphony is full of beautiful instrumental and registral ideas that both counterpoise and define the main line. Some of the strongest of these are the beautiful anticipations of the woodwind chords in the second movement that come at the close of the first; the "spreading" of sustained chords in antiphony, particularly at the very end of the first movement and the cadence of the main section of the Minuet — an idea that generates the entire last section of the symphony, where the final chord is registered in every timbre and octave before resolving into itself.

Among the unusual aspects of the formal development of the Eighth are the ordered succession of tones that appear in the top instrumental line, and, of course, the famous ambiguity of the rude interrupting C-sharp of the Finale, whose successive resolutions are like a summary of the important events of the whole symphony.

Any close listener can find these things for himself in a performance as excellent as the one recorded for Angel by Otto Klemperer and the Philharmonia Orchestra. Klemperer is one of those rare musicians whose intense devotion to music takes the form of relevant and clear thinking, and manifests itself in fully comprehended and authoritative performances of the music conducted. His knowledge of the orchestra, too, seems phenomenal; I have never heard better or clearer balancing of instrumental lines — every detail and nuance is projected without obscuring the main line of development. Most impressive is his perception of the nature of musical time. While at first there seems to be nothing remarkable in his tempi (they might be described as relatively slow), it soon becomes evident that they are just sufficient to permit the precise articulation of every rhythm and phrase, and still maintain the relative speeds of the movements in perfect proportion. The abatements and accelerations of tempo conform to the inherent movement of the piece — one hears them as belonging to the actual beat rather than as elongating or compressing it. Thus, without pretension or rhetoric, the Eighth Symphony emerges wholly as itself from this recording, which may therefore in this sense be regarded as definitive.

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The remarkable intonation, timbre, clarity and accuracy of the Philharmonia Orchestra's playing is, of course, an important contributing factor in the performance. In addition, Angel's stereophonic recording is ideally smooth, unobtrusive and musical, except for occasional distortion close to the label. My enthusiasm for this disk includes, for all the same reasons, the performance of the First Symphony on the reverse side, as well as the whole set of Beethoven symphony recordings to which it belongs.

This is the first of a two-part article on orchestral performances.

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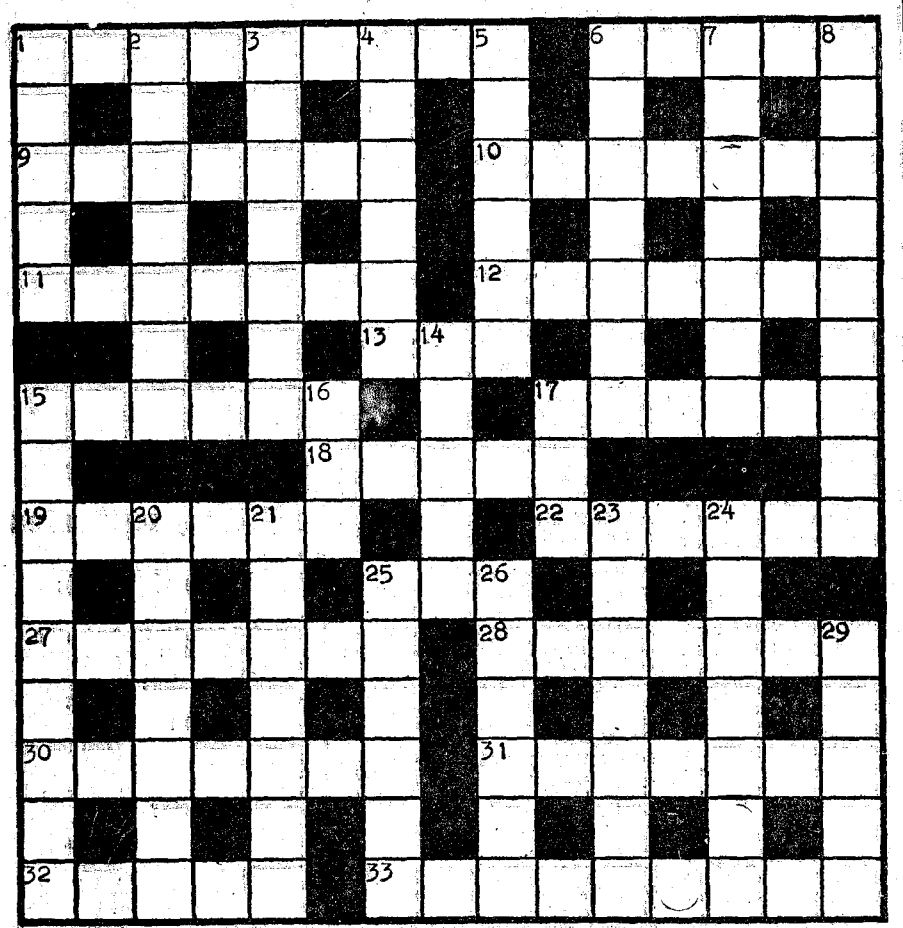
Crossword Puzzle No. 954

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Headgear I count as fine British.
10 Banded together to get guided around the trouble. (7)
11 The way one might struggle to get into his cuffless trousers? (7)
12 Old card game where the professional is certainly not warm-hearted. (7)
13 See 25 across
15 and 9 Ditch hard-tack, for example? (It wasn't so common in WW II.) (6,7)
17 Does one have to pass out to make it? (6)
18 Good understanding? (One finds it in an Alcott girl.) (5)
19 A good support of attic or belfry.
22 Use a type with Potter's opening?
25, 13 and 16 down A promise, as you might wager, implies a lot of nonsense to Henry VIII. (9)
27 Allow oneself to get involved in dueling? (7)
28 Showing a certain amount of 13, possibly. (7)
30 Possibly a cut-up of Murder, Inc., is, or isn't he? (7)
31 In front of "peak and pine," in Macbeth. (7)
32 Features involved in the census?

DOWN:

1 Monkshood included among them?
2 One might, with the last word in 27, for each gets silent. (7)
3 and 6 across Approximately half the time one can't travel on it. (7, 5)
4 There's no truth to the Communist's uprising, despite the songs. (6)
5 Old styled? (6)
6 and 33 across By this means are political promises filled with explosive issues? (7, 9)
7 Such a course might have several holes in it. (7)
8 Theodore seems to show a note of promise, but gets foxy, in a labored way. (9)
14 Compound a bovine look, by the sound of it. (5)
15 A good profession in general should suggest a point to a painter. (9)
17 Look in either direction. (3)
20 Cuts down to size, when concerned with such as Mussolini. (7)
21 Listens for what the one who doesn't like to be caught in a draft does, perhaps. (7)
23 What the television physical fitness program might make of the breed!
24 You might find this "ti" on the scale clean! (7)
25 Courage! You might have to work harder in the other direction! (4, 2)
26 Waste in the most undramatic fashion! (6)
29 Hurry up! There are oceans of them, perhaps! (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 953

ACROSS: 1 Transom; 9 Ireland; 10 Uniform; 11, 12, and 27 across Trial and error; 14 Erectly; 16 Referee; 18 Torment; 24 Entry; 29 Archive; 30 Furnace; 31 Tallest. DOWN: 1 Thistle; 2 Alewife; 3 and 5 across Stall for time; 4 Mediacy; 5 Founder; 6 and 18 Raise the roof; 7 In order; 8 Elm tree; 15, 21 across and 13 The witch of Endor; 17 and 26 Father; 19 Rotifer; 20 To horse; 21 and 28 Warrant officer; 22 Heroine; 23 Forfeit; 25 Yucca; 27 Excel.

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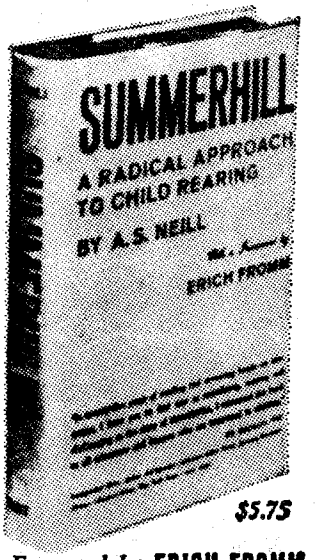

Foreword by **ERICH FROMM**

THE UNIQUE book described on this page may alter your entire life and affect forever the happiness of yourself and your children. When you read SUMMERHILL: *A Radical Approach to Child Rearing*, you may get the shock of your life—for this meaningful book will challenge your most cherished beliefs about how to bring up a child!

Here is the fascinating story of Summerhill, a school in England which has been in operation for forty years—perhaps the most revolutionary school in the world—*a school where children don't even attend classes unless they want to!* Yet this school produces youngsters whose academic achievement is high, and whose emotional stability is unparalleled!

A. S. Neill, Summerhill's headmaster, bluntly declares that most parents make a mess of the job of raising children. What's more, he says, our accepted ways of discipline—our traditional ideas about respect—our taken-for-granted notions about how to teach morals—are positively evil. As a result, we often produce children who are a trial to their parents, a trial to their teachers and even a trial to themselves—and who in later life throng the offices of psychiatrists.

Every parent knows the child who whines, who resentfully breaks things, who nags, who becomes painfully bored, and who has overpowering spells of unhappiness. As a parent, you are often at a loss to know whether you're too easy with your child or too hard. In despair, you wonder what is wrong with the way you handle him. Perhaps you seek counsel; but despite the talk, despite the worry, you seldom find the answer which yields an effective change.

A better way . . .

Is there a better way to rear and educate children? Yes, says Mr. Neill, the way it's done at Summerhill! Here is a school which turns out genuinely contented and productive youngsters. These boys and girls do *not* make the impossible demands on their parents that other children do. Brought up in an atmosphere of love and approval—without adult pressure—Summerhill's *self*-disciplined children grow up to be a joy to their parents and a lasting joy to themselves.

Don't misunderstand. Neill does not advocate that we permit our children to run all over us. He is positively wrathful against parents who permit children to rule the roost, to wantonly interrupt adult conversation, to stalk into the living room and turn on the television set regardless of whether that annoys others present. He doesn't believe that we should coddle our children so that they dominate their parents and others around them.

He is, however, a firm believer in freedom for the child—*freedom without license*—and makes no bones about the unconscious tyranny of parents, which most of us are woefully unaware of.

Summerhill's meaning for you . . .

This book may well make you angry, but it will also make you *think*. It will smash many of your established beliefs about child rearing, but it will replace them with positive, constructive ideas. SUMMERHILL will demand of you a searching re-examination of your role as parent, but it will reward you with new insights.

Above all, this penetrating book will help you forge enduring bonds of love between you and your child. Respect will follow—*real* respect—not veneer respect—not the obedience which comes from fear. SUMMERHILL will help you eliminate those harrowing parent-child conflicts, with all the heartaches they cause. And this great book will help you make your home a happy, serene place for raising children who will, one day, be truly free and mature adults.

Not in many years has any book won such enthusiastic acclaim from educators and professionals.

***Here is what some leading educators and authors say about* SUMMERHILL:**

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"Anyone who is in any way concerned with the education of children should make this book required reading."

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"The book will, I think, stir up an argument in any intelligent family interested in education, and I hope it is widely read."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES *(Pastor Emeritus, Community Church of N.Y.; Chairman of the Board, American Civil Liberties Union)*

"His is a great experiment, and I believe in experiments."

DWIGHT MACDONALD *(Staff Editor for The New Yorker Magazine)*

"One reads it with the irritation, excitement, and finally sympathy, that any original idea always provokes. The trouble is that one can't help thinking that Mr. Neill is right."

HENRY MILLER *(Author of "Tropic of Cancer," "The Cosmological Eye," and numerous other books)*

"I know of no educator in the Western world who can compare with A. S. Neill. It seems to me that he stands alone. SUMMERHILL is a tiny ray of light in a world of darkness. Its aim is to create happy, contented people, not cultural misfits dedicated to war, insanity and canned knowledge."

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A. S. NEILL, *headmaster of Summerhill, speaks on parents, children, and the education of both. Here are a few passages from the text of* SUMMERHILL:

"If your child lies, either he is afraid of you or he is copying you. Lying parents will have lying children. If you want the truth from him, do not lie to him."

"A cynical or a spiteful parental tongue can do untold damage to a child. We all know fathers who sneer at their sons. *Butterfingers, you can't do a thing without bungling it.* Such men likewise show their hatred of their wives by constant criticism. And there are wives who rule husbands and children through brow-beating and streams of abuse."

"Girls who were spanked by their mothers grow into spankers themselves. An excellent illustration is the game in which children play school. Teacher whacks all the time."

"The future of Summerhill itself may be of little import. But the future of the Summerhill idea is of the greatest importance to humanity. New generations must be given the chance to grow in freedom. The bestowal of freedom is the bestowal of love. And only love can save the world."

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